

The Sirens of Time, by Nicholas Briggs

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[Part One]

TANNOY: Sector eight alert. Sector eight alert. Unauthorised capsule entry imminent. Repeat, unauthorised capsule entry imminent. Stat two on sector eight.

(A Tardis materialises. A door opens and closes. Footsteps.)

RALDETH: It's a Type 70 time capsule, registration code negative. It could be stolen. Stasers at the ready. Stay where you are. Identify yourself.

VANSELL: Commander, my name is Vansell, Celestial Intervention Agency. Take me to the President of the Time Lords immediately.

RALDETH: The President has declared Gallifrey under a state of emergency. You can go

VANSELL: I know that. That's why I'm here, you idiot.

RALDETH: My orders are to let no one

VANSELL: If you obey your orders, Commander, you'll be signing the death warrant of the Time Lords.

RALDETH: This way, sir.

PRESIDENT: These holographic images are being relayed from observation posts across Gallifrey. This fleet has been massing around the planet for some time now. The sky is black with their ships. And you are saying that despite all our powers, we are helpless, Vansell?

VANSELL: I am, Lord President.

PRESIDENT: But the transduction barrier

VANSELL: Will not stop them, whoever they are. They have a technology beyond our understanding, and it's clear they mean to destroy us.

PRESIDENT: This is inconceivable.

VANSELL: Their control of the space-time continuum is virtually absolute. All time capsules and time rings have been rendered useless. We made special adaptations to the core of my Tardis just to get me here. I don't know how long it will remain operational.

PRESIDENT: Who are they?

VANSELL: We simply don't know. They refused all our attempts at communication.

PRESIDENT: How can this have happened without our knowing?

VANSELL: We're not sure. It's clear that there's been some distortion of established historical patterns. And we do have one clue.

PRESIDENT: Which is?

VANSELL: Before our monitoring posts were destroyed, we detected faint traces of a Time Lord's artron energy embedded in the time distortion.

PRESIDENT: A Time Lord's artron? Have you identified the Time Lord to whom this artron energy belongs?

VANSELL: The Doctor.

(Console beeps. The Seventh Doctor speaks.)

DOCTOR: Mmm. That seems to be matching up nicely. Yes. Steady, old girl. Steady. Don't get overexcited.

(Cloister bell tolls.)

DOCTOR: The Cloister bell? Oh no.

(Wordless singing.)

DOCTOR: Who? Who is that? I think I should change the coordinates. That's better.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: Why did I do that?

PRESIDENT [OC]: Doctor. Doctor? Doctor.

DOCTOR: Time Lords?

PRESIDENT [OC]: Doctor, there is very little time. You must (static)

DOCTOR: Look, if you're going to interfere in my life again, the least you could do was get a decent phone line. Now, speak up!

PRESIDENT [OC]: Please, Doctor, listen. Imperative that you

(Transmission lost.)

DOCTOR: What was all that about? He didn't look too happy. That sound again. Seems to be coming from outside. It seems safe enough. Only one thing to do. Step outside.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Should have brought my pith helmet.

(Laughs. A woman's distant cry for help.)

DOCTOR: Someone in trouble?

ELENYA [OC]: Help! Somebody, please!

DOCTOR: Hello? Where are you?

ELENYA [OC]: Oh, my God. Quickly, over here.

DOCTOR: Keep shouting. I can't see you. I'm following your voice.

ELENYA [OC]: Okay, I'll just, er, who are you?

DOCTOR: A friend. Oh, I need something sharper than an umbrella to hack through this. Keep shouting.

ELENYA [OC]: Hurry up, for God's sake! I'm sinking!

DOCTOR: Sinking? Quicksand. A bog or something. Don't struggle! Do you hear me?

(Running through foliage.)

DOCTOR: What's your name?

ELENYA [OC]: (coughs) What?

DOCTOR: Your name! Tell me your name!

ELENYA [OC]: Elenya.

DOCTOR: All right, Elenya. I still can't see you. It's too dark. But you're sounding very close now.

Listen to me. You mustn't struggle. Do you understand?

ELENYA [OC]: What's your name?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. I er

RUTHLEY: Doc!

(An old hag's cackling laugh.)

DOCTOR: You're not a lady, I take it?

RUTHLEY : Doc!

ELENYA [OC]: Doctor! Doctor, is that you? Hurry up, please.

DOCTOR: Do you know where the girl is? The girl!

RUTHLEY: The girl?

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, the girl. Can you show me where she is? Take me to her. She's in trouble.

RUTHLEY : Doctor, your girl?

DOCTOR: Yes, girl.

RUTHLEY: She dead soon.

DOCTOR: Out of my way.

RUTHLEY: You find your girl, you die too, Doctor. (cackles)

ELENYA: Oh my God, oh my God. Oh, Doctor. Doctor, please. Please.

DOCTOR: You'd be Elenya, I take it? Don't bother shaking my hand, just grab my umbrella instead.

ELENYA: I can't, can't reach it.

DOCTOR: Yes, you can. Try again. That's it. (heaves) Come on. How long were you in there?

ELENYA: Oh, I don't know. Long enough to go numb. Hours, I think.

DOCTOR: Why didn't she try and rescue you?

ELENYA: She? I didn't see anyone.

DOCTOR: I *think* she was a female. A creature of some kind. Come on, night's drawing in, and you need some dry clothes. I'll take you to my ship.

(Metal squeaking.)

SANCROFF : Damned wheelchair. Why the old bag can't oil me wheels I don't know.

(Cackling approaches.)

SANCROFF: Ah, the light of my life returns. Who was it, friends of yours?

RUTHLEY: To bed with you, Sancroff.

SANCROFF: But I do so enjoy our little chats, Ruthley. Some may call it spitting, belching and passing wind, but to me your every utterance is simply music to the ears.

RUTHLEY: (spits) My job to keep you alive, Sancroff. My job change your stained sheets, carry you to bathroom, make your food. My job. Every day I like my job less and less. One day I forget to do it at all, maybe, and you drown in your own filth, old man.

SANCROFF: You left out the bit about wiping my bottom, you old charmer. (laughs sadly) Oh, dear.

(Muttering and tapping keyboard.)

COMMANDANT [OC]: Report, Ruthley. Is the prisoner well?

RUTHLEY: All is well, Commandant.

COMMANDANT [OC]: Good. Our long-range scans picked up some ion trails in your sector. You haven't had any visitors, have you?

RUTHLEY: Ha! No visitors. No way through the shield. All alone here.

COMMANDANT: That's what we like to hear. You keep your nose clean, Ruthley. Remember, you've only got a couple more years to serve, there's a good girl. Command out.

RUTHLEY: Good girl. Pah. Your slave, but I'll be free sooner than you think.

DOCTOR: Come on.

ELENYA: Are we there yet?

DOCTOR: Yes. Ah, this is it. Now, let me just get my key.

ELENYA: Er, is that your ship?

DOCTOR: Appearances can be deceptive.

(Key rattles against lock.)

DOCTOR: Oh.

ELENYA: What's the matter?

DOCTOR: It er, it won't open.

(Thumps on door.)

DOCTOR: I don't understand. It's as if some force is shutting me out from the interior dimensions.

ELENYA: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Here, take my coat. It's really quite dark now. It's probably going to get a lot colder, and you're in shock.

ELENYA: What a way to end a geology field trip, dying of exposure.

DOCTOR: You're far from death yet, Elenya. How did you get here in the first place anyway?

ELENYA: Why are you looking at me like that?

DOCTOR: Forgive me. There's something about you. Have we met before?

ELENYA: No, I don't think so. I was in a crash. They all died.

DOCTOR: Who all died?

ELENYA: My friends, the pilot, my favourite tutor, Janice. I should have died with them, but I was in the deep freeze storing specimens when it happened. Must have protected me.

DOCTOR: What happened?

ELENYA: This planet wasn't on the charts. We came across it by accident. It was shielded from detection somehow. We just happened to be pulled off course by its gravity. They were going in for a closer orbit when I went into the deep freeze. I heard the pilot on the intercom, said something about an atmospheric disruption. What about you?

DOCTOR: I received a warning from my people. And I heard something calling. And now I'm locked out of my own Tardis. Oh, never mind me. We've got to find you some shelter. That creature, that woman must live somewhere near here. We've got to find some civilisation. Come on.

(Distant engines whoosh overhead.)

ELENYA: Another ship.

(Boom!)

DOCTOR: What is going on here?

ELENYA: Didn't sound like there'll be any survivors, did it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Come on, Elenya.

SANCROFF: Another ship. That's eight this week alone. What's happening? Are your precious shields failing?

RUTHLEY: Not *my* shields. Come, bed for you. Up. Oh, you getting fat, old man.

SANCROFF: Careful, that was my leg.

RUTHLEY: You stay in bed all night.

SANCROFF: Ruthley, who do you think is sending the ships?

RUTHLEY: How can I tell? They smash through planet shield, crash, destroyed. No survivors.

SANCROFF: But if the shield is failing, perhaps one day

RUTHLEY: Don't get hopes up, Sancroff. Nobody is putting you out of my misery. Now, sleep.

(Leaves muttering.)

SANCROFF: Sleep. You stupid old baggage, I haven't slept for years.

ELENYA: Ow!

DOCTOR: Are you all right?

ELENYA: Yes. No. Oh, I don't know. It's so dark I can't see where I'm going. Oh, I'm being so pathetic.

DOCTOR: No, you're not. No, you're not. It's not as if you've twisted your ankle, is it?

ELENYA: Hmm?

DOCTOR: Just sit down and rest a moment. Oh no, not on that. Nasty spines.

(They laugh.)

ELENYA: What now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, well if you'll just excuse me, I think I've an old pair of field glasses in my jacket. Right, sorry, here we are. Yes. Ah, thank you.

ELENYA: Any sign of life? Apart from the sort that wants us for supper.

DOCTOR: Er, not that I can see. Wait a minute, yes. Ah, a light. Square. Looks like a window. About a half a mile away, I should say.

ELENYA: Half a? Is that close?

DOCTOR: Close enough. Come on.

(Engines flying overhead.)

ELENYA: Another one.

(Boom!)

ELENYA: What is this, the planet Suicide?

DOCTOR: Or Kamikaze.

ELENYA: What?

DOCTOR: Pilots willing to sacrifice their lives for a greater cause.

ELENYA: I don't see any causes to follow around here. Doctor, it's coming this way!

DOCTOR: Let's get a move on, shall we?

RUTHLEY: Transmission increased.

KNIGHT [OC]: Knight to Velyshaa. Knight to Velyshaa. Respond.

RUTHLEY: Velyshaa responds. Four vessel breaks through shield.

KNIGHT [OC]: Confirmed. Four vessels break through shield. All others destroyed on atmospheric entry. We have lost navigational control on all vessels. Bio-assassin cultures will activate on impact as programmed.

RUTHLEY: Velyshaa understands Knight. Will do my duty. Out. Now it begins.

DOCTOR: That was a little too close for comfort.

ELENYA: Oh, my God. Listen, Doctor. There's another one coming in.

DOCTOR: Get down!

(Wheee Boom! Fires burning.)

ELENYA: Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR: Here. Are you all right?

ELENYA: Still alive, if that's what you mean. What about you?

DOCTOR: Oh, I've lost my bearings completely.

ELENYA: Oh, right in the middle of it all, aren't we? We're going to fry.

DOCTOR: Not if I can help it. I think we're heading er, this way.

ELENYA: Oh, looks like what's left of that last ship.

DOCTOR: Yes. What's that noise?

ELENYA: Look out!

(Thud.)

DOCTOR: Phwoar, that was close. Still in one piece?

ELENYA: Yeah, yeah. Which is more than I can say for the ship. My God, what *is* that?

DOCTOR: The remains of the crew.

ELENYA: Oh, that could have been me.

DOCTOR: Fascinating.

ELENYA: What? Let's get out of here.

DOCTOR: I wonder what kind of lifeform it was? Or is?

ELENYA: What do you mean, is? It's dead, or dying.

DOCTOR: No. No, no. I rather think it's being born. Look. Mass seems to be enlarging itself.

(Creaking.)

ELENYA: Doctor!

DRUDGER: (mechanical) All security drudgers report fire extinguished.
DRUDGER 2: Report logged. Transmitting to control.

DRUDGER [OC]: Have located two surviving humanoids.
RUTHLEY: Show them to me. Ach! Doctor and pathetic girl. Irrelevant. Kill them.
DRUDGER [OC]: That procedure is not permitted.
RUTHLEY: Then you follow your procedure, machine.
(Transmission ends.)
RUTHLEY: Heh. But matter, all dead soon. (cackles)

ELENYA: This is too much. Robots. Are they from that crashed ship?
DOCTOR: No. They couldn't survive that kind of impact. I rather think they're local inhabitants. (loud)
Hello! Thank you for
DRUDGER: Humanoid lifeforms, you have landed on a security restricted planet. Please surrender all weaponry and identify yourselves.
DOCTOR: I don't have any weaponry. Do you?
ELENYA: No. (loud) No, I don't.
DRUDGER: Identify yourselves.
ELENYA: I'm Elenya and this is the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Much obliged.
ELENYA: My pleasure.
DRUDGER: Initiate mind scan.
DOCTOR: Mind?
(Cries of pain.)

SANCROFF: Psst. I say.
DOCTOR: Hmm? Hello.
SANCROFF: Shh. Voice down, old man, or the old pig'll come sniffing. Can't seem to wake the girl.
Out cold.
DOCTOR: Oof, so was I. How long for?
SANCROFF: A few hours, I'd say.
DOCTOR: Are we being watched?
SANCROFF: What? No. Why?
DOCTOR: Then what are you doing hiding down there?
SANCROFF: Oh, I see. No, not hiding. I can't walk. Dragged meself from me bedroom. Old bag takes me wheelchair at night.
DOCTOR: What happened to us?
SANCROFF: I say, you're not frightened of me, are you.
DOCTOR: Should I be?
SANCROFF: No, no reason at all, old chap. Well, I could hear the Drudgers were up and about, knew we must have visitors. Happens from time to time.
DOCTOR: Come on, Elenya, come on. Drudgers? The robots?
SANCROFF: Yes, hovering chaps. That's right. They'd have hit you with a mind scan. Probably wanted to know why you're here.
DOCTOR: We're both here by accident. I think.
SANCROFF: Accident, eh?
ELENYA: (waking) Janice? David?
DOCTOR: It's the Doctor.
SANCROFF: Doctor?
ELENYA: Oh, I remember.
DOCTOR: How are you feeling?
ELENYA: Better, actually. Who's that?
SANCROFF: Sancroff. Delighted to make your acquaintance, my dear.
ELENYA: (sotto) Is he friendly?
DOCTOR: Seems to be. Mister Sancroff, can we have some light on the proceedings?
SANCROFF: Oh, no, no, no, no, old boy. Best to keep it dark, or the old pig
DOCTOR: Will come sniffing. I see, yeah. This person you obviously have such an affection for, is she rotund, brutish looking and impolite?
SANCROFF: Ah, you've met the lovely Ruthley.

RUTHLEY: Report, Security Drudger Seven.
DRUDGER [OC]: Have located bio-engineered lifeforms emerging from spacecraft wreckage.
(Ruthley cackles.)
DRUDGER [OC]: Clarify your response. Control, I do not understand.
RUTHLEY: You will understand.

DRUDGER: Bio-engineered lifeform, you have landed on a security restricted planet. Please surrender all weaponry and identify yourselves.
KNIGHT: Open fire.

ELENYA: What the hell was that?
SANCROFF: My God.
DOCTOR: Sancroff, have you any idea?
SANCROFF: No. No, no. I wonder, could you help me you onto the bed? It's getting a bit cold down here.
DOCTOR: Yes. Er, Elenya?
ELENYA: Oh yes, sure.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
(Effort. Door opens.)
RUTHLEY: Ha! You try to escape? Nowhere to go, Sancroff. Nowhere to go. Not even your friends can rescue you.
ELENYA: Rescue? Rescue him from what?
(Weapons fire.)
DOCTOR: That was one of your Drudgers exploding, unless I'm very much mistaken.
RUTHLEY: (laughs) They kill you, Sancroff. They kill you all.
SANCROFF: My God, what have you done, you mad old bitch?
RUTHLEY: No one weeps for Sancroff.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: What does she mean, Sancroff? What has she done?
SANCROFF: She's done a deal.
DOCTOR: A deal?
SANCROFF: I'm a dead man, Doctor. You and Elenya must leave this planet or they'll kill you too. They won't want any witnesses.
DOCTOR: We can't get off this planet.
ELENYA: Who? Who will kill us?
SANCROFF: Oh, assassins, my dear. Isn't that what they call them?
DOCTOR: Whoever they are, they're getting closer.
(Door opens.)
RUTHLEY: They come to get Sancroff now. They sniff him out. No need. I go to tell them where you are.
(Door closes as she cackles.)
SANCROFF: Silly old fool. Do you know, sometimes I actually found her tolerable?
ELENYA: We're in trouble, Doctor, aren't we?
DOCTOR: Yes. Sancroff, is there somewhere secure in this building? Somewhere where we can hide?
SANCROFF: Well, it isn't a very big house. There's Ruthley's room, but it's still probably locked.
ELENYA: Take us there. We'll carry you.
SANCROFF: Very well. Turn left.

DRUDGER: Bio-engineered lifeforms will halt and disarm. This is your last warning. We will be forced to open fire. All Drudgers open fire.
(Weapons fire.)
DRUDGER: Drudger One to all Security Drudgers. Bio-engineered lifeforms are impervious to our fire-power, and are converging on main building. Retreat. Retreat. Retreat.

ELENYA: Come on.
SANCROFF: Sorry to be a nuisance. I'm not as svelte as I used to be. Ah, here it is. Oh my, we're there. Good God, it's open! She must be confident, silly old cow.
DOCTOR: In here?
(Effort.)

SANCROFF: Ah, my chair. Put me down.

ELENYA: Look at all this security equipment. What's it all for?

DOCTOR: Well, that's the door locked.

SANCROFF: Oh, I don't expect it will hold.

DOCTOR: Sancroff, will you please tell us what is going on? Why does Ruthley want you dead?

SANCROFF: She doesn't. At least, I don't think it's personal. No, she's just done a deal.

DOCTOR: What sort of deal? Why is this a security restricted planet?

ELENYA: And what planet is it? Why was it hidden?

SANCROFF: Because it doesn't exist, officially, and it certainly has no name. Probably did once, or maybe it was just some kind of mistake of classification.

DOCTOR: Yes, all right, all right. Who is attacking us?

ELENYA: Doctor, I've got a picture on one of these monitors. I think this is what we're up against.

RUTHLEY [OC]: At last you are here. I did my job, yes? I did my job well, yes?

RUTHLEY: I deliver into your hands the infamous Sancroff, First Knight of Velyshaa. And now, Ruthley is free, yes?

ASSASSIN: There must be no witnesses.

SANCROFF: You silly, stupid old Ruthley.

(Weapon fires. Ruthley screams.)

ELENYA: First Knight of Velyshaa? What does that mean, Sancroff?

SANCROFF: Someone I once was. Another lifetime. The reason I'm here.

DOCTOR: Surveillance systems. Drudger controls. Maintenance. We've got to find a way of defending ourselves. Those creatures intend to kill us all. Short range shield emitters. Wait a minute. Perhaps I could? Yes, reroute the power of the planetary shields through the short range emitters.

ELENYA: You mean you could make this room impregnable?

DOCTOR: Not just that, Elenya. The resultant power overload would be, well, I mean, it would be absolutely

SANCROFF: Sorry to drag you into this, old man.

(Banging on door.)

ELENYA: They've found us! I've got them on the screen again, Doctor.

ASSASSIN [OC]: Sancroff, First Knight of Velyshaa, hear this decree recorded into my bio-matrix by the elected citizens of Calfador.

SANCROFF: Oh yes, I remember them well.

DOCTOR: I don't like the sound of this.

CITIZEN [OC]: Sancroff, First Knight of Velyshaa, though it was the majority judgement of the War Crimes Tribunal that your sentence was to be eternal banishment, we have always considered your continued existence a moral abhorrence. Revenge is the only antidote to the suffering you inflicted. And now our search for you is over. For the sake of our Alliance, those allies must never know that it is we who strike you down in the name of all that is good in the universe. Surrender yourself for execution.

ELENYA: Sancroff! You're some kind of

SANCROFF: War criminal. A long time ago, my dear. A lifetime ago.

DOCTOR: There must be some way of talking to these ah! Hello? Listen to me. We're here by accident, but perhaps

ASSASSIN [OC]: Citizens of Calfador

ASSASSIN: Have no quarrel with you, but we regret there must be no witnesses.

(Opens fire.)

[Part Two]

(On a real historical German U-boat. Look her and her Captain up online.)

ZENTENER: Periscope depth, Captain.

SCHWIEGER: Up periscope. Now, let us see if it is safe to surface and recharge our batteries, if only to stop the bleeding of Mister Hersh.

ZENTENER: I could do with the fresh air myself, Captain.

SCHWIEGER: And miss the foul stench down here? I thought you loved your country, Rudi. Looks as if the weather is favourable for a change. Ah!

ZENTENER: What is it?

SCHWIEGER: A merchantman.
ZENTENER: Move to torpedo range?
SCHWIEGER: No. Take a look for yourself. What tonnage would you estimate, Rudi?
ZENTENER: Five, maybe six thousand?
SCHWIEGER: Mmm, I concur. Maybe not worth wasting the torpedo. We go in for a closer look, ja?
ZENTENER: Ja.
SCHWIEGER: Helm, thirty degrees starboard. Full ahead.
HELM: Thirty degrees starboard. Full ahead.
ZENTENER: She's flying the British flag.
SCHWIEGER: Which means her Captain is either very bold or very stupid.

(A ship's bell rings eight bells as the Tardis materialises. The door opens and the Fifth Doctor steps out into the SS Centurion.)

DOCTOR: Hmm. Just as I thought. A sea vessel of some sort. Probably steam turbines. Come on out, you two. Let's stretch your sea legs, while I use my tracker to see if this is where that time distortion or whatever it was is coming from.

(Beeps.)

DOCTOR: Hello. This looks promising. Or not, as the case may be.

(Walks, opens door.)

DOCTOR: Definitely coming from this direction. Ah. I thought so. A tear in the fabric of Time.

VANSELL [OC]: Doctor, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Who is that?

VANSELL [OC]: (echoing) Doctor, listen to me.

DOCTOR: The Time Lords?

VANSELL [OC]: Yes. Doctor, you must

DOCTOR: I can't hear you. Say it again.

VANSELL [OC]: Must return. The Tardis.

DOCTOR: What? What do you mean?

VANSELL [OC]: Time is running out. The Tardis. You understand.

DOCTOR: Frankly, no. Return the Tardis? Is that what you're saying? Return it to Gallifrey?

VANSELL [OC]: No. *To* the Tardis.

DOCTOR: What's causing this distortion? Perhaps I can help.

VANSELL [OC]: Return to the Tardis.

DOCTOR: Why?

VANSELL [OC]: Please, Doctor.

DOCTOR: All right, all right. Then what?

VANSELL [OC]: Leave. The destruction of. Time.

DOCTOR: Destruction of Time? Well, questions can wait. Mine is not to reason why, mine is but to get back in the Tardis and. Locked.

(Key rattles against the lock.)

DOCTOR: No good. Tegan! Turlough! Can you hear me? Open the door!

(Siren song.)

DOCTOR: What was that?

HELEN: (a Liver bird) Who are you talking to?

DOCTOR: Ah, hello. Where did you spring from?

HELEN: And just who the hell are you, for that matter.

DOCTOR: Well, er, Turlough! Tegan!

(Thumps Tardis door.)

HELEN: I think perhaps you should come and see the Captain.

DOCTOR: I don't think we need to bother

HELEN: I think perhaps I should call for me friend Dan. You won't like him much. He's got much bigger muscles than me.

DOCTOR: Has he indeed? Look, you couldn't just forget you'd seen me?

HELEN: (laughs) You're a cheeky one and no mistake.

(Crash!)

HELEN: Must be a ruddy Hun U-boat!

DOCTOR: Turlough! Tegan! What's the matter with them? Aren't they looking at the scanner?

ZENTENER: You win the bet, Captain. Looks like the deck gun won't do it. We'll have to put a torpedo into her.

SCHWIEGER: Looks like the crew are getting the message. Are all their lifeboats launched?

ZENTENER: Er, ja.

SCHWIEGER: Well, wait until they're well clear, then fire one amidships.

HELEN: Come on, we've got to. Are you barmy or something? Even if you could get back in your crate, that won't save you.

DOCTOR: I assure you you've no idea, young lady.

HELEN: We've got to get to the lifeboats before it
(Boom! Falling metal.)

SCHWIEGER: I never get used to that sight.

ZENTENER: No, sir.

SCHWIEGER: Right, let's get underway. Can't risk staying on the surface. They may have transmitted a distress call. Place could be crawling with British destroyers in a matter of

MAN: Captain!

ZENTENER: Captain, look there. Two survivors in the water, clinging to that box.

SCHWIEGER: Ach, they'll never make it to their boats now. Damn them.

ZENTENER: They're heading for us. Do we let them drown?

SCHWIEGER: We rescued the dog out of the water for Lippe yesterday. We are not barbarians, Rudi. Bring them aboard.

(Hatch opens. Coughing.)

DOCTOR: Thank you, Captain. We appreciate your kindness, but er

SCHWIEGER: Seal the hatch.

MAN: Sir.

(Clang.)

SCHWIEGER: Periscope depth. Helm turn forty five degrees starboard.

HELM: Yes, Captain.

(Tanks blow, U-boat submerges.)

ZENTENER: Periscope depth.

HELEN: (sotto) Christ, what are they going to do with us?

DOCTOR: (sotto) I'd keep quiet if I were you.

SCHWIEGER: No sign of destroyers. Keep a look-out, Leutnant Zentener.

ZENTENER: Jawohl, Captain.

SCHWIEGER: So, you speak German.

DOCTOR: Er, that would seem to be the case.

SCHWIEGER: But you speak it like an English gentleman. And what are these clothes you are wearing? You look like your King George expecting to play cricket in the Atlantic Ocean.

(Laughter.)

DOCTOR: Hmm, I've always thought it was unfair to say the Germans have no sense of humour.

SCHWIEGER: Your grammar is out of a text book, my friend. Why isn't an educated young man like you serving as an officer on a British warship or leading a valiant charge across the trenches?

DOCTOR: I have flat feet, I'm afraid.

SCHWIEGER: What is your name?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

SCHWIEGER: Doctor? That's a profession, not a name.

DOCTOR: It's all I have.

SCHWIEGER: Who is this? Girl! What is your name?

HELEN: Eh?

DOCTOR: She doesn't speak German, apparently.

SCHWIEGER: Then you tell me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I don't know her name.

SCHWIEGER: You cross the Atlantic in a ship with a crew of no more than twenty, and you don't know the name of what I presume was the only female aboard? That seems odd.

DOCTOR: Yes, doesn't it?

ZENTENER: Captain, smoke on the horizon. Something's closing fast.

SCHWIEGER: Action stations!

DOCTOR: Er, what do you intend to do with us?

SCHWIEGER: Load torpedo tubes. Drop you off next time we sink one of your ships. Get these prisoners out of the control room.

SCHMIDT: Jawohl, Captain. Move. Move!
DOCTOR: Ah yes, that's more like it. I thought there was too much civility about.
HELEN: What's happening? What's going on?
DOCTOR: (sotto) It's all right. It's all right.
SCHWIEGER: Let's see. Making about twenty three knots, ja?
ZENTENER: Ja, Captain. Must be a destroyer.
SCHWIEGER: Most likely. Let's not give her a chance to ram us. Take us down to twenty metres.
ZENTENER: Dive to twenty metres.
MAN: Twenty metres, sir.

SCHMIDT: In here.
HELEN: Oh Christ, it stinks in here.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's not very pleasant.
HELEN: What was all that chat about back there? And how come you speak German?
DOCTOR: It's a gift. It would seem the Royal Navy have come to your rescue a little late, I'm afraid.
HELEN: They'll pick up the others while we're stuck down here, all 'cos of you.
DOCTOR: I didn't fire the torpedoes. Now then, let me get my bearings. The Captain mentioned King George, the trenches, he waited until he thought the survivors had got away in the lifeboats before he sank the ship, and there was no sonar equipment in the control room. Must be the First World War.
HELEN: First? What are you on about?
DOCTOR: And what is your name, by the way?
HELEN: Helen. Why?
DOCTOR: Sorry, is that Ellen or Helen?
HELEN: (aspirates) Helen. And who are you, then?
DOCTOR: Well, Helen, I'm sorry I got you into this. I'm the Doctor. How do you do?
HELEN: Oh, charmed, I'm sure. Now what were you saying to that Captain? Are you a Hun spy or something?
DOCTOR: I assure you I'm just as anxious to get out of this submarine as you are. And if I were a spy. A spy. That's a thought. The ship broke up so the Tardis floated to the surface. I can adjust this to track the old girl, and that Time Lord was rather insistent I left this place. Hello! (thumps on door) Hello! Anyone out there? I have to speak to your Captain! It's a matter of the utmost importance to the Kaiser.

SCHWIEGER: Sounds like another destroyer, circling, looking for us while the other ship picks up the survivors. They're getting clever. We daren't risk surfacing. Damn. Hirsch. Hirsch, are you there?
HIRSCH [OC]: Captain.
SCHWIEGER: How are the batteries?
HIRSCH [OC]: Not good. They need to be fully recharged. We have to surface.
SCHWIEGER: It's a little busy up there at the moment, Hirsch. All we can do for now is conserve power. We'll crawl away at low speed and surface in one hour, Rudi. And keep a close eye on the depth gauge. We don't want to drift up.
ZENTENER: Yes, Captain. Three knots. Maintain twenty metres.
SCHMIDT: Captain, the male prisoner, he is demanding to speak to you.
SCHWIEGER: Demanding?
SCHMIDT: He says he has vital information for the Kaiser.
SCHWIEGER: (laughs) Well, I seem to have a little time on my hands. Bring him to my cabin.

SCHWIEGER: So, Doctor, you have something to tell me.
DOCTOR: Yes, Captain er, Schwieger, is it?
SCHWIEGER: Yes.
DOCTOR: Yes, something I couldn't say in company. Something concerning security and war effort.
SCHWIEGER: Continue, Doctor.
DOCTOR: As you are no doubt aware, the ship on which I was travelling was bound for Liverpool en route from New York.
SCHWIEGER: I had no idea, but I take your word for it.
DOCTOR: I am a security agent in the service of the Imperial German Army. In New York, I was able to obtain vital information concerning American involvement in the war.
SCHWIEGER: The Americans are not involved in the war. At least, not directly.
DOCTOR: Ah, not yet.
SCHWIEGER: And why should I believe you? Presumably you are going to tell me that as a spy, you

carry no proof of identification.

DOCTOR: I can give you all the proof you need.

SCHWIEGER: Really. Go ahead. Amaze me.

DOCTOR: Documents containing information on top secret American troop and naval deployments are contained in a watertight crate which was aboard that ship.

SCHWIEGER: Which is now at the bottom of the Atlantic. How convenient for you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, Captain. The ship broke up and my crate is fitted with buoyancy. It's up there now, floating on the surface.

SCHWIEGER: And how would you suggest we go about retrieving it?

DOCTOR: The crate is large, and its markings are very distinctive.

SCHWIEGER: Doctor, the U-20 is nearing the end of a very long and dangerous tour of duty. There are two British destroyers up there as we speak, and I will not turn this boat around and risk my crew for a lot of papers, whether they exist in your precious crate or only in your mind. Schmidt!

SCHMIDT: Captain.

SCHWIEGER: Take him away.

SCHMIDT: Jawohl, sir.

DOCTOR: No, wait, you don't understand. I must

SCHWIEGER: Must what, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You're endangering the entire German war effort and putting your own career at significant risk, Captain Schwieger.

SCHWIEGER: If I am jeopardising some vital mission for Turpitz or the Kaiser, I shall willingly accept punishment when we have returned to Emden.

DOCTOR: Are you saying that you don't believe me?

SCHWIEGER: Whether I believe you or not is irrelevant. I have to base my command decisions on fact, and my primary responsibility is to my crew and to my mission.

DOCTOR: I can see that you're a brave and honourable man, Schwieger. I hope that both of us can live with the consequences of your decision.

SCHWIEGER: That is a state of affairs I am well accustomed to, Doctor.

SCHMIDT: This way. Get a move on.

DOCTOR: Thank you so much. Oh, tell me, Mister Schmidt, wasn't it? How on Earth do you put up with the appalling smells down here?

SCHMIDT: Keep your mouth shut. Argh!

DOCTOR: What's the matter? Are you all (pause) Time distortion.

SCHMIDT: Keep your mouth shut. Move it.

DOCTOR: But

SCHMIDT: Move it.

SCHMIDT: Get in.

DOCTOR: Ow. Thank you.

(Door shuts.)

HELEN: Didn't go very well with your friend the Captain, then?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid not.

HELEN: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Shouldn't you be on the other side of that hatch? Can we help you, Schmidt?

(Grunts.)

HELEN: What's the matter with him?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Time distortion again.

HELEN: What?

(Punch. Roar.)

HELEN: Wait! Stop hitting him!

DOCTOR: I don't think the Captain ordered

HELEN: Oh, stop it! Stop it, for God's sake. You'll kill him! Oh, stop it!

VANSELL [OC]: The Doctor's life is forfeit. (echoes) The Doctor's life is forfeit.

HELEN: Help, somebody! Quickly! Help!

SCHWIEGER: My God. Schmidt! Schmidt, no! No, leave him! Zentener, help me restrain Schmidt.

The man is possessed. Schmidt, for God's sake!

(Final punch. Thud.)

SCHWIEGER: Take him, Zentener. Tie him to his bunk.

ZENTENER: Yes, Captain.

SCHWIEGER: Doctor, what happened here?

DOCTOR: I think you're right, Captain. He was possessed.

HELEN: He was trying to kill you.

DOCTOR: Yes, that too.

SCHWIEGER: But why?

DOCTOR: The Time Lord. I heard the Time Lord. He wanted to kill me. Why? And why do they have to resort to temporal thought projection? They must have limited power resources. TTP only requires

SCHWIEGER: You are not making any sense to me. I will have the medical orderly clean you up.

You, Doctor, need some schnapps inside you.

PRESIDENT: I for one am glad that the Doctor is still alive in that time zone. Your plan was brutish, Vansell. Brutish and against everything we Time Lords stand for.

VANSELL: If we don't stop the Doctor, the Time Lords won't stand for anything any more.

PRESIDENT: Don't you think I know that? The only instruction the Doctor has is your message that he should return to his Tardis. He is trying to do that as best he can.

VANSELL: But the situation has changed now he is aboard the underwater vessel.

PRESIDENT: So what do you suggest?

VANSELL: Our power is fading by the moment. We must divert all reserves here, to the Time Chamber, to maintain the TTP link with the human.

PRESIDENT: But

VANSELL: Lord President, whatever your misgivings, and whatever the cost, the Doctor must be stopped.

SCHWIEGER: Ah, Rudi. Come in.

ZENTENER: Thanks. Hirsch reports the batteries are fully charged. We can dive whenever necessary.

SCHWIEGER: Let's keep the air fresh as long as we can, Rudi.

ZENTENER: Ja.

SCHWIEGER: Tell your officer of the watch to keep a sharp look-out. How's Schmidt?

ZENTENER: Still breathing. We can't seem to wake him.

SCHWIEGER: We both know that kind of thing can happen. Cramped conditions, foul stench, the heat, the cold. A man can snap.

ZENTENER: Yes, Captain. Walthers?

SCHWIEGER: What is it, my friend?

ZENTENER: You seem troubled.

SCHWIEGER: That Doctor troubles me. He asks the impossible of me. He knows he asks the impossible. And yet.

DOCTOR: First they tell me to go back into the Tardis, then they try to kill me. It doesn't make sense. I have to get back to the Tardis. Ow!

HELEN: Don't be such a baby.

DOCTOR: What *is* that?

HELEN: Er, iodine, I think. That orderly said I should dab it on. At least, I think that's what he was trying to tell me.

DOCTOR: Very reassuring, Helen. I take it you weren't the medic aboard your ship.

(A bell sounds.)

DOCTOR: Action stations?

HELEN: Maybe it's someone coming to our rescue?

ZENTENER: Periscope depth, Captain. Look-out reported smoke on the horizon due south.

SCHWIEGER: I have it, Leutnant. Eight or nine kilometres away, and smoke from four funnels, I'd say. Could be a Cunarder.

(Approving mutterings.)

HELEN: Just tell me one thing. Are you a Hun spy or not?

DOCTOR: Er, no. No, I'm not. But, well, I've been trying to convince the Captain that I am.

HELEN: Why?

DOCTOR: To get back to the Tardis. My crate.

HELEN: That's important, isn't it.

DOCTOR: I believe that at this moment it's just about the most important thing there is.

SCHMIDT: Oh. Ach, my head. Ropes? Hey. Hey! Who tied me up? What happened? I

VANSELL [OC]: (echoing) Schmidt. You must kill the Doctor.

SCHMIDT: The Doctor?

VANSELL [OC]: The prisoner in the sickbay. Find a weapon, kill him. Kill him now.

ZENTENER: Captain, Lance identifies her as the Aquitania, Lusitania or Mauritania. Whichever, that's more than thirty thousand tons.

SCHWIEGER: Let me see. Ah yes. And Zentener, she's turning to starboard by about twenty to thirty degrees. The chart, man. My God, we would never have been able to match her speed, but she is coming towards us! Our courses will intersect here.

DOCTOR: I have to find a way to convince or force Schwieger to turn back so I can find the Tardis.

HELEN: You couldn't get into it before. What makes you think you'll be able to now?

DOCTOR: I don't know, Helen. Blind faith?

(Hatch undogged.)

DOCTOR: Ah, Schmidt. Feeling better?

(Pistol cocked.)

HELEN: (sotto) Doctor, he's got a gun.

DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Helen. That hadn't escaped my attention.

SCHMIDT: The Doctor must die.

DOCTOR: Now why is that, Schmidt? Just think about it. You don't even know me. Just, just think about it. I'm in the German Army. I'm on your side. Why should you want to shoot me?

SCHMIDT: I, I cannot

DOCTOR: Well, at least you're confused.

DOCTOR [OC]: Running out of power, are you? Now listen to me. There's no need to get so heavy-handed. I know what you want me to do and I'm trying to do it. Do you hear me?

HELEN [OC]: Do you think they can hear you?

PRESIDENT: Vansell, you must give him a chance. He's trying

VANSELL: Good intentions won't save us, Lord President. Will you order me not to send the command again?

PRESIDENT: No.

VANSELL: Schmidt. Now listen to me. Kill him.

(Schmidt groans.)

DOCTOR: Oh, dear.

HELEN: No!

(Gunshot.)

SCHWIEGER: What the hell was that?

ZENTENER: The prisoners!

SCHWIEGER: Stay here, Rudi. Hauppe, Lippe, with me.

(Helen cocks the gun.)

HELEN: Stay back, Schmidt, or whatever your damn Hun name is. Doctor? Doctor, you all right? I've got his gun. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Still, still alive, thank you.

(Schmidt groans. Gunshot. Thud.)

HELEN: Oh, is he dead? Did I kill him?

DOCTOR: A hole that big in a person usually indicates zero chance of survival. You didn't have to do that, you know.

HELEN: What about you?

DOCTOR: He made a mess of my shoulder. All in all, you saved my life, Helen. Now, give me the gun.

HELEN: But

DOCTOR: Give it to me. Thank you.

SCHWIEGER: Put the gun down, Doctor. My men are armed.

DOCTOR: Stay where you are. If you want your Captain to live, put your weapons down. Now!

(Weapons on metal deck.)

DOCTOR: Good. Ow.
SCHWIEGER: What are you hoping to achieve, Doctor?
DOCTOR: We're going to the control room, Captain. You're going to turn this submarine around.
SCHWIEGER: But
DOCTOR: You reverse our course.
SCHWIEGER: Or you shoot me?
DOCTOR: What do you think?
SCHWIEGER: Your eyes betray you, Doctor.
HELEN: What's he saying, Doctor? What's he saying?
SCHWIEGER: I don't know who you really are, or why you need your precious crate so badly, but you are not ready to kill.
HELEN: Here, give me that gun. I'll do it. Tell him, Doctor. I'll do it. Do you understand me, you ruddy Huns? You put an 'ole in my ship. I'll put an 'ole in the lot of you if I have to.
DOCTOR: Well, Schwieger?
SCHWIEGER: Whatever she's saying, I think she means it.

(Beeping.)
SCHWIEGER: What is that device?
DOCTOR: Oh, the latest thing, Captain. I would say we're pretty much back where we started, give or take a few nautical miles.
SCHWIEGER: You're more resilient than I thought, Doctor. I expected you to have bled to death by now.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Periscope depth, Leutnant Zentener.
(Howling winds, crashing waves.)
DOCTOR: Up periscope. Ah yes. I can see her.
HELEN: The Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes. Surface, please.
SCHWIEGER: The Tardis. What is that, a ship?
(Gunshot.)
HELEN: Stay back,
DOCTOR: Helen.
HELEN: What's he saying, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Just don't. Surface, Captain.
SCHWIEGER: Do as he says.

(Hatch opens, footsteps.)
DOCTOR: There she is. The Tardis.
SCHWIEGER: What are you going to do now, Doctor?
HELEN: Tell him to shurrup, Doctor. Tell him I'll shoot if I have to.
DOCTOR: I think he knows that.
HELEN: Where are you going?
DOCTOR: Believe me, I'm sorry, but I have no choice. This is where we part company, Helen.
HELEN: What? You just can't (punch) oh!
SCHWIEGER: I think the game's up, Doctor. We have the girl. Climb back down or I shoot.
DOCTOR: Are you ready to kill, Captain? Look after the girl, won't you? She didn't really understand, you see. Auf Wiedersehen!
(Splash!)
ZENTENER: Captain, what happened?
SCHWIEGER: Suicidal fool.
(Explosion.)
ZENTENER: British destroyer about five hundred metres to port. Captain, we must dive!
SCHWIEGER: Where's the girl?
ZENTENER: What? She was. But.
SCHWIEGER: Never mind. Action stations. Crash dive!

DOCTOR: Oh, well done, old girl. Still afloat, eh? The key.
(Rattles lock.)
DOCTOR: Oh no, I don't believe it. Still won't open. (thumps on door) Turlough! Tegan! Open the door! Open the door!
(A shell explodes nearby.)

DOCTOR: The Time Lords really do want me dead.

[Part Three]

VANSELL: Yes. Yes, that's it. What? Traces of some other kind of being inhabiting the Vortex at each nexus point. Apparently female.

(Door opens.)

VANSELL: Ah, Lord President.

PRESIDENT: Vansell, a Castellan informs me

VANSELL: Lord President, I have traced the Doctor again, this time in his sixth incarnation. There was an incident in the Kurgon system. Somehow it concerns the legendary Time beast, the Temperon. I must have all available power resources transferred

PRESIDENT: Vansell! The transduction barrier has been breached. Alien timeships are materialising everywhere. We have no power left. They, they are demanding our unconditional surrender.

VANSELL: But who, who are they?

PRESIDENT: They're calling themselves the Knights of Velyshaa, and it appears there's nothing we can do to stop them.

VANSELL: Then the Doctor is beyond our reach now.

VOICE: Temporal particle acceleration now reaching optimum reading. Prepare to engage vortex drive. Proximity alarm! Increase power to restraint field immediately!

TEMPERON [OC]: You must not succeed.

(Boom! Then the sound of a Tardis's time engines.)

DOCTOR: It's no good. It's no good. I can't stop it. The Tardis is being dragged in!

(Silence.)

DOCTOR: No Tardis. Now, now what happened? There was some kind of ship, then an explosion, and (door opens, footsteps) What?

ELLIE: Oh, er, I didn't see you there.

DOCTOR: Evidently.

ELLIE: I didn't expect to find anyone still here. Can I help you, sir?

DOCTOR: Help me? What did you have in mind?

ELLIE: Well, a drink. Something to eat.

DOCTOR: Oh, no. No, thank you. That's very kind of you but

ELLIE: (laughs) Just doing my job, sir.

DOCTOR: Your job?

ELLIE: Yes. I'm a waitress.

DOCTOR: (pause) Yes. Yes, of course you are. Thank you. Well, hadn't you better just run along?

ELLIE: Right. Er

DOCTOR: Something the matter?

ELLIE: You are one of the delegates, aren't you?

DOCTOR: Yes, I am one of the delegates, as a matter of fact.

ELLIE: Well, you know they've started, don't you?

DOCTOR: Have they? Oh, I see. Well, better go and join them, hadn't I?

ELLIE: Yeah.

DOCTOR: I seem to have forgotten the way again. Is it er this door?

ELLIE: No. I'll show you if you like.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you. Yes, you show me. Er

ELLIE: Yes, sir?

DOCTOR: Oh, it's nothing. It's just that I have the strangest feeling we've met before.

ELLIE: Well, I've been serving drinks here in the hospitality suite since we took off from Kurgon.

You've probably seen me round the place.

DOCTOR: Yes, I expect that'll be it. Well, after you.

ELLIE: Oh, of course, sir. Please follow me.

ENGINEER [OC]: Engine room to Flight Deck.

AZIMENDAH: Pilot Azimendah responding. Report status, Engine room.

ENGINEER [OC]: All power stacks now back to optimum levels. We're ready for you now.

AZIMENDAH: Any idea what caused the fluctuation?

ENGINEER [OC]: I think it may have been a glitch in the secondary couplings

AZIMENDAH: I love it when you talk technical. Flight Deck out. This is Star Cruiser Edifice to Kurgon Central Tracking. We are now ready to go in for closer orbit of gaseous anomaly at coordinates 83692 by 020576 mark 74. Are we clear?

KTC [OC]: About time too, Edifice. Of course you're clear. No one else ever goes in that close. The field is yours. Good luck.

AZIMENDAH: Acknowledged. We have clearance, Captain.

CAPTAIN: This is it, Azimendah. Take us in.

AZIMENDAH: Don't you want to review the coordinates, sir?

CAPTAIN: Azimendah, you're an android pilot with a spotless record. I'd trust you to fly me stark naked through a cheese grater. It's your show.

AZIMENDAH: Thank you, sir. Engaging main drive.

COMPÈRE: May I take this opportunity on behalf of the Kurgon government of welcoming every single delegate of the Galactic Wonders Commission to the pride of our fleet, the Star Cruiser Edifice. As you can see on the main screen, we are now moving into a close orbit of what we hope your Commission will classify as the Kurgon Wonder (continues under)

ELLIE: (sotto) Do you know your way to your seat?

DOCTOR: (sotto) I'm afraid I've forgotten that as well.

ELLIE: (sotto) Oh. Well, look, there are a few empty places round to the right of the auditorium. Just take your pick, then log on.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Right. Thank you. Oh, you're not staying?

ELLIE: (sotto) No, I've duties to attend to.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Of course. Thank you. Excuse me. Sorry. Excuse me. Yes. Excuse me. Thank you. Ah. Now, computer terminal.

COMPUTER: You are now logged in. Do you wish to discover more?

DOCTOR: Yes please.

COMPUTER: Welcome, delegate. The Star Cruiser Edifice is now in orbit around the Kurgon system's famous gaseous anomaly.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

COMPUTER: You will observe the beautiful colours and the absolute stillness of the incandescent light.

DOCTOR: Mmm, beautiful. And somewhat familiar.

COMPUTER: The anomaly measures two hundred and fifty million cubic metrons, and the intensity of light has remained at a constant seven hundred and fifty thousand lumens since analysis of the anomaly commenced two hundred years ago.

DELEGATE: Would you please keep the noise down, old chap?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, sorry. Have I missed much?

AZIMENDAH: Correcting seven degrees left on horizontal thrusters. Decreasing velocity. (Alarm sounds.)

CAPTAIN: Defence alarm? What the hell's going on? Pilot?

AZIMENDAH: I'm not reading anything. Wait a minute. Detectors are showing a large, some kind of gigantic particle disruption field heading straight for us.

CAPTAIN: Evasive course, Azimendah. Get us out of the way!

AZIMENDAH: Impossible, Captain. It's thirty million metrons in diameter.

CAPTAIN: What? Time to impact?

(Boom! Both cry out.)

COMPÈRE: Er, delegates, I assure you there is no cause for alarm. Just as soon as we're notified (Boom, crash, screams.)

DELEGATE: What in the name of? What is that?

DOCTOR: At a guess, I'd say it was an enormous shard of time distortion, and it's coming this way. (distorted) Yes, time distortion, definitely time distortion.

DELEGATE: Help me. Help me.

DOCTOR: What? Who *is* that?

AZIMENDAH: I'm sorry, Captain. The particle disruption caused my internal systems to go offline momentarily. I. Oh, my God.

(Clatter, coughing.)

DOCTOR: Yes, that was time distortion all right.

ELLIE: Oh, what's happened? Oh my God, it's horrible.

DOCTOR: I take it you're not referring to my dress sense.

ELLIE: Everyone's oh, they're all. Something's killed them, but well, they look like they've been

DOCTOR: Aged to death.

ELLIE: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: Cellular time disruption. That thing must have been some kind of temporal shockwave.

Yes, temporal shockwave. That would explain why the Tardis

ELLIE: The Tardis?

DOCTOR: Yes, the shockwave subjected anything in its path to

ELLIE: Then why are we all right?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, good question, er, what's your name?

ELLIE: Ellie. I'm the waitress.

DOCTOR: Yes, I remember who you are. Good question, Ellie. Good question indeed. I'm known as the Doctor, by the way. Pleased to meet you. I'm sorry it couldn't have been under more pleasant circumstances.

ELLIE: Yes, me too. Oh, I don't like the sound of that.

DOCTOR: Neither do I. We'd better go and find out what it is, don't you think?

ELLIE: No.

DOCTOR: Oh. Well, you can stay here on your own then.

ELLIE: What? Oh.

AZIMENDAH: What about the log recorder?

COMPUTER: Ra, ra, ra, ra, running.

AZIMENDAH: Huh, just about. Log entry, Pilot Azimendah recording. No dateline available. None of the ship's chronometers are working and my internal processor seems to have sustained damage. I am no longer able to track the passage of time. It is a peculiar sensation. Situation. Star Cruiser Edifice encountered an unidentified particle disruption field while entering close orbit of the gaseous anomaly known as the Kurgon Wonder. Preliminary assessment of damage. Main power stacks non-operational. Emergency batteries functioning at bare minimum levels. We have some light and life support, but not for long. Since all comms systems are non-operational, I will now embark upon a ship-wide survey of damage, and search for survivors. Report ends.

DOCTOR: So the Kurgon government invited this Galactic Wonders Commission here just so that the so-called gaseous anomaly out there could be entered into a sort of Galactic Wonders guide book, presumably with a five star rating.

ELLIE: Well, it isn't just a guide book, Doctor. You should know that, you're one of the delegates.

DOCTOR: Ah. I've a confession to make on that score. Let's just say I'm more of an interloper than a delegate.

ELLIE: You mean one of the observers from the outer planets?

DOCTOR: You might say that.

ELLIE: Oh. Well, you see, anything classified as an official wonder of the galaxy instantly attracts sight-seers by the shipload. Tourism means money, and money means bye-bye budget deficit and global recession.

DOCTOR: I detect a note of cynicism, Ellie.

ELLIE: Do you?

DOCTOR: Yes. What were you up to when I first saw you in the hospitality suite?

ELLIE: What was I? I told you. I've been working there since launch.

DOCTOR: Don't avoid the question. You were shocked to find me there.

ELLIE: Well, I thought all the delegates had

DOCTOR: Yes, precisely. So you went to the hospitality suite to do something. What was it?

ELLIE: I was just going to tidy up.

DOCTOR: Tidy up the computer terminal?

ELLIE: Eh?

DOCTOR: You went straight to a computer terminal. You had some sort of disc in your hand. You weren't tidying anything. You were up to something, weren't you?

ELLIE: I don't quite see why I should be answering questions from an interloper. Anyway, you're mistaken.

DOCTOR: Oh, I'm afraid that won't wash. I can assure you that if you knew me well enough, you'd know that I am hardly ever mistaken.

ELLIE: Pretty pleased with your self, aren't you?

DOCTOR: Not really. I believe my ship crashed into your Kurgon Wonder. Somehow I was thrown clear, but now? Well, I'm stranded without my ship and my home. So, young lady, I am far from pleased, especially since you don't seem to be telling me the truth.

ELLIE: Your ship crashed into? What are you talking about? What ship?

DOCTOR: Yeah, what indeed.

ELLIE: And anyway, no one's ever been *this* close to the Kurgon Wonder before, let alone crash into it.

DOCTOR: Well, I have. For your information, I have been in it, through it, and out the other side. Which means, by the way, that I know for a fact that it's not just a gaseous anomaly, because something inside it

(Growl.)

DOCTOR: Good grief.

ELLIE: What the hell is it?

DOCTOR: Big, stupid, and unfriendly, I think. Get back.

ELLIE: There's another one, coming the other way.

DOCTOR: That hardly seems fair, does it?

ELLIE: We're trapped!

DOCTOR: Where's a handy ventilation duct when you need one?

ELLIE: Here. What'd you have in mind?

DOCTOR: Well, unless we can reduce ourselves to the size of very small rodents, that's not going to provide us with an escape route.

ELLIE: So now what?

DOCTOR: You were right, Ellie.

ELLIE: What about?

DOCTOR: We're trapped.

(Energy weapon fires.)

DOCTOR: Who's doing the firing?

ELLIE: There. Look. It's one of the crew.

AZIMENDAH: Get down!

(Energy weapon fires. Creatures groan, then silence.)

DOCTOR: Oh! Oh, thank you. I must say, I wasn't expecting to find any other survivors.

AZIMENDAH: Neither was I. Pilot Azimendah. I take it you're one of the delegates.

DOCTOR: Do you.

ELLIE: He says he's an interloper. He's called the Doctor and I'm

AZIMENDAH: One of the waitresses. Yes, I can see that. As far as I can tell, we're the only survivors.

ELLIE: Well, I hope you're feeling guilty, Pilot.

AZIMENDAH: I beg your pardon?

ELLIE: Well, I know I'm only one of the waitresses, but it does occur to me that since you're responsible for actually steering the ship

AZIMENDAH: The particle disruption field that hit us was over thirty million

ELLIE: Particle disruption field? The Doctor thinks it was time distortion, don't you, Doctor?

AZIMENDAH: Well?

DOCTOR: Huh? What? Well, what? Oh, nasty.

AZIMENDAH: Do you think it. What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Sorry, I thought I'd let you two get on with it while I took some tissue samples from these creatures. Did you have anything like this on board before the accident?

AZIMENDAH: Of course not. This is a cruiser, not a freak circus.

DOCTOR: Hmm, thought not. Are any of your computers still working? I'd like to run an analysis of this.

AZIMENDAH: Wait a minute. Just who are you? And what's this you were saying about time distortion?

DOCTOR: Why are you so interested?

AZIMENDAH: Doctor, I am a senior officer of this ship, and we're in a crisis situation. *I* am questioning *you*.

DOCTOR: Why is it anywhere I go there are people like you stomping around in shiny boots, pointing guns, and asking stupid questions?

AZIMENDAH: Perhaps because *you* don't explain yourself adequately.

DOCTOR: Ah, you want me to *explain* myself, do you? Well, I'm not a delegate, I'm known as the Doctor, I'm a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey, and my Tardis was recently blown apart in a spatio-

temporal explosion which I imagine is now known to you as the Kurgon Wonder. Does that cover everything?

ELLIE: (laughs) Bitten off more than you can chew, Mister Azimendah?

AZIMENDAH: I'm just trying

ELLIE: Yes, you certainly are.

AZIMENDAH: Something has killed nearly five hundred crew members and about five thousand passengers!

ELLIE: Oh, that's everyone. You mean everyone's dead?

AZIMENDAH: Yes. And for all I know, he has something to do with it.

DOCTOR: That's not very rational thinking for an android, is it? You are an android, I take it.

AZIMENDAH: Yes, I am.

DOCTOR: I thought so. You don't blink enough.

AZIMENDAH: Are you implying some kind of criticism?

DOCTOR: Oh, no, no, no, no, no, not at all. Let me guess. You're interested in time distortion because you've developed a little problem since the accident, haven't you?

AZIMENDAH: What makes you think that?

DOCTOR: Because when it comes down to it, I'm a bit of a know it all, really. Androids, Cybermen, Daleks, Sontarans, Ice Warriors, you name it, I can quote you chapter and verse. Need I go on?

ELLIE: I've a feeling you're going to.

DOCTOR: So in short, Azimendah, my friend, I imagine your internal chronometer has gone fuzzy. Am I right?

AZIMENDAH: I er

ELLIE: Well, I've never seen an embarrassed android before.

DOCTOR: And you can be quiet, young lady. I haven't started on you yet.

AZIMENDAH: I know longer have any way of perceiving the linear passage of time.

DOCTOR: Well, look on the bright side. Some would say that's a liberating experience.

(Sizzle!)

ELLIE: Oh, now what?

DOCTOR: More time distortion?

AZIMENDAH: Sounds like it's breaking through the hull.

DOCTOR: Of course! That first encounter would have reduced the molecular elasticity of the hull. More exposure to time distortion is taking it well beyond its sell-by date.

(Boom!)

AZIMENDAH: Hull breach!

ELLIE: We're going to get blown out into space!

DOCTOR: We've got to get out of this section and seal it off somehow.

AZIMENDAH: This way. Now! Come on!

AZIMENDAH: Right, this is it!

ELLIE: What is it?

AZIMENDAH: Damn.

ELLIE: Damn what? What are you doing? Shouldn't we be running?

AZIMENDAH: If we don't seal off that section before the hull breaks open, there'll be no point running anywhere.

DOCTOR: Don't tell me, your emergency bulkhead door controls have turned to dust.

AZIMENDAH: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: Do you know what to do?

ELLIE: Don't tell me you do.

DOCTOR: Bulkhead construction based on the old Hadene Lestrade design. Good old Lestrade. Genius. Died penniless, you know.

AZIMENDAH: Doctor, or whoever you are, if you know how to close this bulkhead, I suggest

DOCTOR: Are you a good shot, Azimendah?

AZIMENDAH: What?

DOCTOR: A good. Oh, of course you are. Look, you see those cross-braced fusion welds either side of the archway?

AZIMENDAH: Yes. You want me to fire at them?

DOCTOR: Yes. You'll weaken the support couplings. The doors should come crashing down. Mind your feet, everyone. Well, fire, man! Fire before it's too late.

(Weapons fire.)

ELLIE: Nothing's happening.

AZIMENDAH: Now what?

(Scraping, thud!)

DOCTOR: That's what. Patience is a virtue.

ELLIE: That's taken care of your hull breach, but what about the time distortion?

DOCTOR: Indeed. Azimendah, what was your course before the initial wave hit?

AZIMENDAH: We were moving into a closer orbit. I see what you're getting at.

ELLIE: You mean, we're still heading that way?

DOCTOR: The engine's cut out, but the momentum is still taking us towards your Kurgon Wonder. The closer we get, the more time distortion we're likely to encounter. Eventually I imagine we'll be completely enveloped by it. Is there any way we can get power to your directional thrusters, send us in the opposite direction?

AZIMENDAH: This is it. The engine room. Those are the reserve chemical fuel tanks.

DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Sounds healthy.

ELLIE: There's an indicator here. It reads full.

AZIMENDAH: Do you think the stuff will still be usable?

DOCTOR: It's worth a try. Can you reroute the surviving computer systems to ignite the fuel?

AZIMENDAH: As you say, it's worth a try.

ELLIE: Then we need to get to the flight deck. If those things'll let us.

(Weapons fire nearby.)

PRESIDENT: Vansell, the Chancellery guard are outmatched and outnumbered by these Knights of Velyshaa. This slaughter is senseless. We have to surrender to preserve

VANSELL: No! We have to fight on. I think I've found a way to speak to the Doctor again. The timeline he's trapped in is becoming inundated with time distortion. I can use that as a carrier for a temporal signal.

PRESIDENT: There isn't enough power.

VANSELL: There is an artificial lifeform with the Doctor. Its positronic brain can be more easily influenced.

DOCTOR: Ellie, where's Azimendah?

ELLIE: Repairing the computer link to the engine room, he said. He's given me a gun in case those creatures come knocking.

DOCTOR: Er, just be careful where you're pointing it.

COMPUTER: S-s-s-s-cell cell analysis. Analysis complete.

DOCTOR: Ah, yes.

ELLIE: Have you identified what those things are?

DOCTOR: They're mutated viruses and bacteria.

ELLIE: They were huge!

DOCTOR: And angry. Bizarre, but the time distortion triggered some sort of accelerated evolutionary process in some of the more resistant microscopic organisms aboard. They reproduce at a fantastic rate.

ELLIE: Which means there won't be much room for us. Oh, no.

DOCTOR: What?

ELLIE: Oh, look at the main viewport.

DOCTOR: More shards of time distortion.

ELLIE: It looks like space is folding in on itself.

DOCTOR: I fear the distortion's increasing the closer we get.

ELLIE: Will it kill us?

DOCTOR: Ultimately, I imagine. I have a certain tolerance to that sort of thing, but Azimendah's circuitry, although more durable than organic tissue, is bound to have a limited lifespan. And as for you, Ellie, well, your survival is a bit of a mystery to me.

ELLIE: Don't look at me for an explanation. I'm just happy to be alive.

DOCTOR: Well, that time distortion's still some way off, so, are you going to tell me what was on that disc?

ELLIE: What? Oh. Mmm.

DOCTOR: The one whose existence you were so keen to deny?

(Weapons fire, groan.)

VANSELL: Lord President! Are you

PRESIDENT: in pain) Their weaponry somehow inhibiting regeneration. I, I. Have you sent the signal to the Doctor?

VANSELL: I'm about to.

PRESIDENT: Do it! Do it before

KNIGHT: Your President is dead, Time Lord. We claim this world as part of the glorious Second Empire of the Knights of Velyshaa.

VANSELL: Not if I can help it.

KNIGHT: Destroy him!

(Weapon, Vansell groans.)

VANSELL: Doctor. Doctor, it is done. You are our last hope, Doctor. Do not free the Temperon.

(Weapon, Vansell cries out.)

DOCTOR: You mean you're part of some underground anti-government movement?

ELLIE: The movement was founded by the telepaths in our race many years ago, when they began to hear cries of pain emanating from the Wonder.

DOCTOR: I've heard them myself. A cry for help. And what do your people think the Wonder really is?

ELLIE: A terrible catastrophe frozen in time.

DOCTOR: Yes. I witnessed that catastrophe, and my ship became part of it.

ELLIE: This disc is a copy of the audio transmission, deciphered from a relic held for generations by one of our religious orders. We ran it through a translator, and

DOCTOR: It must have been part of the debris in the initial explosion. Perhaps some kind of flight recorder?

ELLIE: I'm sorry, Doctor. I should have trusted you before, but, well, you could have been a government agent. They'll stop at nothing to prevent us from telling the truth about the Kurgon Wonder. I was going to play the disc into the main computer so that the delegates could hear the truth for themselves.

(Footsteps.)

AZIMENDAH: I think the cables will hold. We should have enough fuel to. What are you doing?

DOCTOR: I think this is something you should listen to, Azimendah. Go on, Ellie. Put it into the computer.

ELLIE: The translator worked on most of it.

VOICE [OC]: Temperon particle acceleration now reaching optimum reading. Prepare to engage vortex drive. Proximity alarm! Increase power to restraint field immediately.

TEMPERON [OC]: You must not succeed.

(Boom, Tardis engines.)

DOCTOR: That was the sound of my ship, the Tardis. Temperon particles. Temperon? Yes, of course. The only way you're going to find Temperon particles is in the Temperon!

ELLIE: The what?

DOCTOR: The legend of the Temperon. Have you never heard of it?

ELLIE: Well, no.

AZIMENDAH: So the waitress turns out to be one of those superstitious weirdos.

DOCTOR: The Temperon. The legendary time beast folds its way through the oceans of Time, serene, sublime. And it sounded as if it was caught in some ghastly experiment, which it then attempted to destroy. But because of the massive release of Temperon particles, its moment of death was somehow frozen.

AZIMENDAH: (laughs) I have never heard such a lot of

DOCTOR: Maybe so, but didn't you hear the disc?

AZIMENDAH: Yes, but

ELLIE: So this creature is trapped, in agony. Oh, we've got to set it free.

DOCTOR: I know. For one thing, it's the only way I'm going to get the Tardis back. But how? I must think.

ELLIE: Doctor, look out!

DOCTOR: This is it. If we don't reverse the engines now, we'll never

VANSELL [OC]: Doctor. Doctor.

DOCTOR: What? Azimendah, what's happening to you?

ELLIE: He, he's going mad! It's the time distortion. It's fried his circuits. Stand back, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, Ellie. What are you doing? Put that gun down!

VANSELL [OC]: Doctor, the High Council of the Time Lords.

DOCTOR: The Time Lords?

VANSELL [OC]: The High Council of the Time Lords commands you to

(Weapons fire.)

AZIMENDAH: Argh!

DOCTOR: Ellie! What did you do that for?

ELLIE: Couldn't you see? He was going to kill us. He was raising his gun.

DOCTOR: No, he wasn't. You. I *do* recognise you. I don't know how or why, but every time I look at you, every time I hear your voice, there's something. Something.

ELLIE: Too late, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Who are you?

DOCTOR: (wakes) Back in the Tardis. Why? Oh, surrounded by Temperon particles. I'm at the centre of the Kurgon Wonder. The Temperon must have sucked me back into the explosion. To set it free! That's it. Temperon particles adhering to the old girl's outer shell. If I dematerialise, I should take the Temperon with me. Well, it's worth a try, anyway.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Come on. Come on. It's working. It's working!

(Alarm beeps.)

DOCTOR: Oh no. Temperon particles are breaching the outer shell, invading the interior dimensions of the Tardis.

TEMPERON: Doctor. Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, that's me.

TEMPERON: You set me free.

DOCTOR: Oh, it was nothing. I'm sure you'd have done the same for me. Look, could I just point out you're actually damaging the Tardis's

TEMPERON: Now the Knights of Velyshaa are free to carry out their experiment.

DOCTOR: Knights of. What are you talking about?

TEMPERON: The Knights of Velyshaa. You have set them free.

DOCTOR: No! (echoes) No, what are you doing? Please, stay back. You're smothering me. I can't breathe.

TEMPERON: Beware the Sirens of Time.

[Part Four]

DOCTOR 6: Can't breathe. I can't breathe. (deep breath in and out) I've been completely absorbed by you, haven't I?

TEMPERON: Yes, Doctor. Beware the Sirens of Time.

DOCTOR 6: Beware? What do you mean?

TEMPERON: Beware the Sirens of Time. Urgh.

DOCTOR 6: Temperon? What is it? What's happening to you? Temperon? Temperon!

DOCTOR 7: Folds its way through the oceans of Time, serene, sublime.

DOCTOR 6: Who? Oh. Oh, so that's how things turned out for me.

DOCTOR 5: And for me, it seems. Any more of us?

DOCTOR 7: Just the three, it would appear.

DOCTOR 6: Well, we must be thankful for small mercies, mustn't we?

DOCTOR 5: We're on Gallifrey. This is the Panopticon.

DOCTOR 6: Decorators have made a bit of a mess.

DOCTOR 7: Looks like it's been neglected for a long time. Years, perhaps. Death and decay.

DOCTOR 6: Death? What do you mean?

DOCTOR 7: Don't you feel it?

DOCTOR 5: Yes, an emptiness. Almost like remembering a bad dream.

DOCTOR 6: Telepathic impulses. Most likely from the Time Lords. But where are they? And what happened here?

DOCTOR 5: Probably something pretty catastrophic, or the three of us wouldn't be here together at the same time.

DOCTOR 7: Yes, there are laws about this sort of thing, after all.

DOCTOR 6: Laws that the Temperon saw fit to break. I take it you two were brought here by the Temperon?

DOCTOR 5: Yes.

DOCTOR 7: Mmm. Not a very comfortable way to travel.

DOCTOR 6: But it certainly seemed less volatile than its close cousins, the Chronavores.

DOCTOR 5: Beware the Sirens of Time.

DOCTOR 7: The Sirens of Time.
DOCTOR 6: Never heard of them.
DOCTOR 5: Quite. Perhaps it's time we shared our experiences, agreed?
DOCTORS 6+7: Agreed.
DOCTOR 6: Contact?
DOCTOR 5: Contact.
DOCTOR 7: Contact. [memory] I think I should change the coordinates.
VANSELL [memory]: Doctor. Doctor. Doctor.
DOCTOR 7 [memory]: Time Lords? Your name! Tell me your name!
ELENYA [memory]: Elenya.
KNIGHT [memory]: Sancroff, First Knight of Velyshaa, I will strike you down in the name of all that is good in the universe.
ELENYA [memory]: You're some kind of
SANCROFF [memory]: War criminal. A long time ago, my dear. A lifetime ago.
DOCTOR 5 [memory]: A tear in the fabric of Time.
VANSELL [memory]: Doctor. Doctor.
DOCTOR 5 [memory]: Ah, hello. Where did you spring from?
HELEN [memory]: And just who the hell are you, for that matter?
DOCTOR 5 [memory]: First they tell me to go back into the Tardis, then they try to kill me. It doesn't make sense.
SCHWIEGER [memory]: What are you going to do now, Doctor?
VOICE [memory]: Temperon particle acceleration now reaching optimum reading. Prepare to engage vortex drive.
ELLIE [memory]: It looks like space is folding in on itself.
DOCTOR 6 [memory]: The distortion's increasing the closer we get. Caught in some ghastly experiment, which it then attempted to destroy. But because of the massive release of Temperon particles, it's moment of death was somehow frozen.
TEMPERON [memory]: The Knights of Velyshaa, you have set them free. Beware the Sirens of Time.
DOCTOR 7: Time Lords. Knights of Velyshaa. The Sirens of Time?
DOCTOR 5: And that girl. It was the same girl every time.
DOCTOR 7: Yes!
DOCTOR 6: Well, gentlemen, she's obviously not who she appeared to be. And whatever her real agenda is, it led to this.
DOCTOR 5: The destruction of Gallifrey as we know it.
(Energy pulses.)
DOCTOR 7: Sounds nastily familiar.
DOCTOR 6: Vortex drive. The experiment on the Temperon.
DOCTOR 5: The air's full of charged particles. Something's materialising.
DOCTOR 6: I think we'd better make ourselves scarce.
DOCTOR 7: Quick, over here. Argh, you're on my foot.
DOCTOR 6: Well, shift up a bit. For someone so short, you're taking up a lot of room.
DOCTOR 7: No comment.
DOCTOR 5: Will you two keep quiet?
(Energy pulses crescendo and fade.)
DOCTOR 6: Exactly the same as that ship in the Temperon experiment.
DOCTOR 7: And as it told you, we set the Knights of Velyshaa free.
(Door hisses open.)
DOCTOR 5: Here comes trouble.
DOCTOR 6: Over there. Look.
(Marching feet.)
DOCTOR 6: A touch of mediæval knight.
DOCTOR 5: A touch of high-powered technology.
DOCTOR 7: Either way, you wouldn't invite them round to dinner, would you?
(Marching stops.)
SOLANEC: In the name of Sancroff, First Knight of the glorious Second Empire of Velyshaa, we welcome you back to Gallifrey, Knight Commander Lyena.
DOCTOR 7: Sancroff?
DOCTOR 5: Shh.
LYENA: Is the Temperon back under restraint, Sub-Commander Solanec?
SOLANEC: Yes, Knight Commander.

LYENA: Increase power to the restraint field. If it happens again, I will have your head.

SOLANEC: Yes, Knight

LYENA: (furious) Is this what happens the moment I leave this cursed planet? Whole galaxies have fallen to the power of our Empire, but there is no work in all the universe more important than that which we do here. If our sacred mission on Gallifrey is jeopardised, Solanec, the Knights of Velyshaa will fall. But before that happens I will see you and every one of your Knights torn limb from limb, and your very lifeblood

(Beeps.)

LYENA: What is that?

SOLANEC: Knight Commander, we detect Time Lord lifesigns in the immediate vicinity.

LYENA: Show me the readings.

DOCTOR 7: Oh no.

DOCTOR 5: They've detected us somehow.

LYENA: How did they escape from the exploration compounds?

SOLANEC: I

LYENA: More incompetence!

DOCTOR 6: Over to the left. Service ducts, remember?

DOCTOR 7: Yes.

DOCTOR 5: They lead to the vaults and foundations.

DOCTOR 6: Come on!

SOLANEC: They're there, Knight Commander.

LYENA: Stop them!

DOCTOR 6: Quickly!

(Weapons fire.)

DOCTOR 5: It's a long way down.

DOCTOR 7: And we don't know what's at the bottom.

DOCTOR 6: We don't have a choice. Come on, jump!

DOCTOR 7: Oh, argh!

SOLANEC: They have escaped into the lower areas of the Capitol, Knight Commander.

LYENA: Surprise me further, Solanec. Use weaponry on restraint settings. I want them found and brought to me alive.

(Cries and coughing.)

DOCTOR 6: Are you all right?

DOCTOR 5: I think I've broken something. What about you?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, I'm fine, thanks.

DOCTOR 6: I rather think I broke your fall.

DOCTOR 7: Oh, sorry.

DOCTOR 6: I'll survive.

DOCTOR 5: Oh, can you two help me up?

DOCTOR 6: Yes, okay.

DOCTOR 7: Here, here.

(5th Doctor cries in pain.)

DOCTOR 6: Careful, careful.

DOCTOR 5: Oh, we're going to make a fine team with you two having to help me walk.

DOCTOR 6: I do hope you're not going to be tediously noble and suggest we leave you down here.

DOCTOR 5: The thought had crossed my mind.

DOCTOR 7: Where are we going to to, anyway?

DOCTOR 6: Isn't it obvious?

DOCTOR 5: I suppose it is, really.

DOCTOR 7: You mean find the Temperon.

DOCTOR 6: They've obviously got it here somewhere.

DOCTOR 7: Perhaps as the source of their time travel power.

DOCTOR 5: Undoubtedly, I'd say.

DOCTOR 6: Yes.

DOCTOR 7: Yes, it's. Oh, sorry.

DOCTOR 6: Sorry.

DOCTORS 6+7: No, no, no, you. No, you.

DOCTOR 7: No, you were there first anyway. Okay.

DOCTOR 6: Anyway, I was going to say, from what we overheard it's evidently being kept here

against its will. Maybe if we find a way to set it free

DOCTOR 5: I think that's a little rash at this stage. All we know for certain is that Gallifrey has been conquered by these Knights of Velyshaa, and the Temperon is involved somehow.

DOCTOR 6: And so are we. Come on. There should be a lift around here somewhere.

DOCTOR 7: Best foot forward, Doctors.

LYENA: All of space and time. All of space and time was yours for the taking. And now all you will know for eternity is subjugation at the hands of the Velyshaan Empire. Lords of Time. Now Lords of nothing.

(Door opens.)

SOLANEC: Knight Commander.

LYENA: Your report, Solanec.

SOLANEC: The fugitive Time Lords have been traced to an elevator ascending from the lower levels. My Knights are preparing to intercept it.

LYENA: Good, good. How did they escape from the compounds?

SOLANEC: They did not, Knight Commander.

LYENA: Are you attempting to insult my intelligence?

SOLANEC: Our, our readings indicate there is no match between their artron energy signatures and that of any of the captured Time Lords.

LYENA: You mean they arrived here recently?

SOLANEC: Perhaps, Knight Commander. There is something else.

LYENA: Continue.

SOLANEC: Our readings point to the fact that they are three incarnations of the same Time Lord.

LYENA: Mmm, fascinating.

(Door opens.)

SOLANEC: Don't move.

DOCTOR 5: I'm afraid I couldn't if I tried.

SOLANEC: Where are the others?

DOCTOR 5: Sorry, I don't follow you. What others?

(Falling rubble.)

DOCTOR 6: Careful. Take your foot out of my. Thank you.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. (effort) Come on.

DOCTOR 6: Ah, come on. Oh, right. Back in the Panopticon. Do you know, I think that was worse than climbing in the Himalayas.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. Still, we made it.

DOCTOR 6: Hmm. Now, the Temperon spoke to us telepathically, so

DOCTOR 7: Agreed. Contact.

DOCTOR 6: Contact.

TEMPERON: Doctor. Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: I think it gave me an impression of where it is.

DOCTOR 7: Good. I don't do impressions.

DOCTOR 6: Yes. Come on.

(Door opens.)

LYENA: Ah, Doctor. Do sit down.

DOCTOR 5: Thank you. I'm flattered you know my name.

LYENA: Oh, we found Time Lord records to be meticulous in their accuracy. Where are your other selves?

DOCTOR 5: Wandered off, I'm afraid. I really ought to keep more of a grip on myself.

LYENA: They cannot escape us. You are the inferior species, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: I've got a feeling it's this way.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. No, wait a minute.

DOCTOR 6: What?

DOCTOR 7: I've got a feeling too. What's going on in there?

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR 6: Looks like they've converted it into a gigantic wardrobe for their suits of armour.

DOCTOR 7: Yes. But what are these?

DOCTOR 6: If I didn't know better, I'd say they were shower units. Perhaps this is the bathroom.
(Door closes.)

DOCTOR 7: Watch out. Quick. I don't think it saw us.

DOCTOR 6: I don't think it's aware of much at all. It seems to be in some difficulty.

SOLANEC: Sub-Commander Solanec reporting for revitalisation.

COMPUTER: Proceed with suit removal.

DOCTOR 7: Maybe you were right about it being a bathroom.

DOCTOR 6: Good grief. Look at its flesh.

DOCTOR 7: Diseased, rotting.

DOCTOR 6: Urgh.

SOLANEC: Now entering revitalisation booth.

DOCTOR 5: Ah!

LYENA: There. The wound to your leg is now healed, Doctor.

DOCTOR 5: Oh. Thank you.

LYENA: Don't thank me. Thank your fellow Time Lords.

DOCTOR 5: What do you mean?

LYENA: Observe the screen.

DOCTOR 5: Oh, no.

LYENA: It is true that your people are now totally subjugated, but what we practice is subjugation with a distinct purpose.

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR 7: So, the Knights of Velyshaa are far from being a healthy people.

DOCTOR 6: Come on. This way. We have to find the Temperon.

DOCTOR 7: In here?

DOCTOR 6: In here.

DOCTOR 7: You were right, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: I wish I hadn't been. What have they done to it?

DOCTOR 7: Must be in the restraint field they mentioned.

TEMPERON: Doctor.

SOLANEC: Stay where you are.

DOCTOR 7: What kind of people are you? What has this creature ever done to harm you?

DOCTOR 6: You took from it the power to travel through time and space, and how do you repay it?

By suspending it in torment?

SOLANEC: Reporting to Knight Commander Lyena.

LYENA [OC]: Ah, I see you have found them. Bring them to the Time Chamber.

LYENA: I have long waited for this moment, Doctors.

DOCTOR 6: Flattery will get you nowhere.

DOCTOR 5: What's so important about me as opposed to the rest of our people? I imagine you have the same fate in mind for us.

LYENA: Three Time Lords for the price of one. Mmm, a tempting offer.

DOCTOR 7: What does she mean?

LYENA: Oh, please. Break the news to yourself.

DOCTOR 5: It sickens me to even think of it.

DOCTOR 6: What is it? What's happened to the Time Lords?

LYENA: I believe you witnessed the revitalisation process, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7: Revitalisation?

DOCTOR 6: We saw a Knight without armour. Not a pretty sight.

LYENA: We are all diseased, Doctor. The entire Velyshaan race, doomed. It may take millennia for us to die. We cheat death as best we can, but die we must.

DOCTOR 5: So you're extracting the life force of Time Lords to stave off the inevitable.

DOCTOR 7: You mean?

DOCTOR 5: Death camps, or rather factories for the living dead. The Knights of Velyshaa have our entire race suspended in constant torment!

DOCTOR 6: You seem to have a penchant for that kind of treatment with regard to species other than yourselves.

LYENA: Oh, believe me, Doctor, we suffer our own agonies.

DOCTOR 7: I was referring to the Temperon.

LYENA: Ah yes, the Temperon. The creature for whom ones such as yourselves has much compassion. You see, Doctor, I know your nature. I feel I know you all so well.

DOCTOR 6: What do you mean?

LYENA: You're familiar with this chamber, I take it?

DOCTOR 5: The Time Chamber?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, we are.

LYENA: When I was posted Garrison Commander of Gallifrey, this impressive piece of technology

DOCTOR 6: The Time Chart?

LYENA: Precisely. The Time Chart had all but been destroyed.

DOCTOR 6; Ah.

LYENA: But the decades have hung heavily on my shoulders. I needed a pastime, an amusement.

DOCTOR 7: So you reactivated the Time Chart. Wasn't it enough that your people were already playing god with Time?

LYENA: (laughs) Such moral indignation. Oh, you surpass my wildest dreams. I wasn't even sure that you would ever arrive here. Who would have thought that the Temperon would have been so obliging?

DOCTOR 6: Would it be too much to ask you to get to the point?

LYENA: Ah, the different facets of the same personality. Delightful. One is the thinker, one the compassionate, the other, impatient. And yet you all share these qualities too.

DOCTOR 5: I assure you, it's far more complex than that.

DOCTOR 6: What do you want of us?

LYENA: In many ways you have already given the Knights of Velyshaa far more than they could have hoped for.

DOCTOR 5: What do you mean?

DOCTOR 7: Yes, do get on with it. I'm really getting rather bored with this.

LYENA: Look at the Time Chart and your smugness will vanish, little man.

DOCTOR 7: Sticks and stones.

LYENA: Three nexus points in the continuum. Three. With one thing in common. You.

SANCROFF [OC]: A long time ago, my dear. A life time ago.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: There must be some way of talking to these ah! Hello, listen to me. We're here by accident, but perhaps

ASSASSIN [OC]: Citizens of Calfador have no quarrel with you, but we regret there must be no witnesses.

LYENA: And what happened next?

DOCTOR 7: Since you're so clever, I thought

LYENA: Very well. You found a way of using the planetary forcefield's power to repel the bio-assassins. Sancroff was saved from illegal execution at the hands of the Calfadorians, Saved to continue his life sentence. Saved so that we, the Valysshaans, could one day find and reclaim him to inspire a new campaign of conquest. Not so smug now, little man. The second nexus point. You weren't aware that while you were so frantic to get back to the Tardis, you were preventing the submarine craft U-20 from sinking the vessel known as the Lusitania.

SCHWIEGER [OC]: She's turning to starboard by about twenty to thirty degrees. The chart

DOCTOR 5: The sinking of the Lusitania in 1915. It prompted the United States to declare war on Germany. You mean I changed the course of the first World War on Earth?

LYENA: Oh, nothing so pedestrian. The war was largely unchanged. But do you know who this man is?

DOCTOR 5: The face is familiar.

DOCTOR 6: Alexander Fleming?

DOCTOR 5: Discovered penicillin. Of course.

LYENA: Murdered in December 1927, a few months before he might have made that discovery, and why? Because this man, Eric Charles Vincent, a petty criminal with psychotic tendencies, didn't die aboard the Lusitania as he should have done. He murdered Fleming in a bungled burglary. No penicillin, no antibiotics, no cure therefore for a mutated form of pneumonia and meningitis which ravaged planet Earth in 1956. The survivors never developed space travel, were never able to challenge and defeat the Knights of Velyshaa in the campaign of 3562.

DOCTOR 5: But the Time Lords, they wanted me to return to the Tardis.

LYENA: Oh, I think it's too late to blame anyone else. Now.

DOCTOR 6: Let me guess. My turn. The Temperon.

TEMPERON [OC]: You must not succeed.

LYENA: You were so close to the truth in this instance, Doctor. When I first reviewed this section, I felt sure that you would attempt to thwart us, and that our victory might be the fault of some other hapless fool. But no.

DOCTOR 6: You mean I should have left the Temperon in torment, suspended at the moment of its death?

LYENA: That had been the Temperon's choice.

DOCTOR 6: What?

LYENA: When our scientists attempted to extract temperon particles to activate our vortex drive ships, the Temperon elected self-destruction rather than help us to conquer Time. It rammed the prototype Velyshaan time ship.

DOCTOR 6: Then I released it and made all this, this conquest, this suffering, possible?

DOCTOR 5: We all did.

DOCTOR 7: I take it you've enjoyed gloating?

LYENA: It has been my last pleasure.

DOCTOR 5: Why your last?

LYENA: This chamber is sealed. No one can overhear this conversation. Now, listen to me, Doctors. There is a surviving Tardis here on Gallifrey. I want you to take it, travel back, and correct these, these mistakes.

DOCTOR 6: But why? Without them, the Knights of Velyshaa

LYENA: Would never have started the glorious Second Empire. There would have been only one glorious war, and then a clean final defeat, instead of this.

DOCTOR 7: You mean the disease. How did that come about?

LYENA: We call it the Curse of the Temperon.

DOCTOR 5: Temperon? You mean it caused the disease?

LYENA: Whether by design or mere chance. The temperon particles used in the vortex drive introduced a subtle but deadly mutation into the cells of all Valyshaans who used it. We discovered the truth far too late. We've drained the life force of whole galaxies to hold back our own extinction. Now only the Time Lords remain as suitable donors.

DOCTOR 7: And one day even they will die out.

LYENA: Our scientists strive to find a cure, experimenting on the Temperon to discover some vaccine or, but I know my heart it is fruitless. So, Doctors, you must save us from this destiny, this curse. I will escort you to the Tardis.

DOCTOR 6: Ah, this is a Type 70. Very top of the range.

DOCTOR 7: It's seen better days.

DOCTOR 6: Well, we'd better get to work and keep her Majesty out there happy.

DOCTOR 5: You know, all that nexus point business, it still doesn't explain the girl, Helen, Elenya, Ellie, why we couldn't get back into our Tardises, why we made those mistakes.

DOCTOR 7: We thought we were making the right choices. We didn't.

DOCTOR 5: I'm having difficulty accepting that. Each time, each of us was unable to re-enter the Tardis, even though, certainly in my case, the Time Lords apparently knew we were about to adversely affect the time lines. It all points to some other force manipulating us.

DOCTOR 7: Beware the Sirens of Time. We've got to find out who they are and what they're up to.

DOCTOR 6: Oh, blast.

DOCTORS 5+7: What is it?

DOCTOR 6: I'm afraid your discussion is a little academic. The time core of this Tardis is burnt out.

DOCTOR 5: What!

DOCTOR 7: Oh, no.

LYENA: Then everything I had hoped for is impossible.

DOCTOR 5: Perhaps not, Lyena. We thought perhaps

LYENA: Oh, no, no, no, you cannot use the vortex drive. It may damage your cellular make-up as it has ours. And besides, each time ship is genetically coded to its operator. Unauthorised attempts at dematerialisation result in immediate death.

DOCTOR 5: No, Knight Commander, I didn't mean that. I think we can use the Temperon.

LYENA: The Temperon?

DOCTOR 5: My er other selves are in the chamber with it now. If you free the Temperon from restraint

LYENA: No! No, that is not possible!

DOCTOR 5: But surely

LYENA: You say the other Doctors are with the Temperon now?

DOCTOR 5: Yes, we thought it would save time.

LYENA: Knight Commander Lyena to Solanec. Two Time Lords at liberty in the Temperon chamber. Report there and restrain them immediately.

DOCTOR 5; But I thought you wanted

LYENA: Guards!

KNIGHT: Knight Commander.

LYENA: Restrain this Time Lord. Have a life force extraction unit brought here immediately.

DOCTOR 5: You know, there's just no pleasing some people.

KNIGHT: You two, what are you doing? Move away from those controls.

DOCTOR 7: No, you see, we're working with your Knight Commander. Now, she says

KNIGHT: General Orders expressly forbid Time Lord contact with the Temperon.

DOCTOR 7: Ah, well, I think you'll find that we're something of a special case. Why don't you go and check?

KNIGHT: Leave those controls alone.

DOCTOR 6: Hmm? Oh, oops. Sorry. Too late.

TEMPERON: Doctor. Doctor. Beware the Sirens of Time.

DOCTOR 6: Yes, yes. Look, Temperon, we need your help.

TEMPERON: Beware the Sirens of Time. Beware Lyena.

DOCTOR 7: What do you mean?

LYENA [OC]: Knight Commander to Temperon chamber.

DOCTOR 6: I smell a rat. (thump) Doctor, get his gun.

LYENA [OC]: Drain the Doctor. Sub-Commander Solanec is on his way.

DOCTOR 6: Go on, grab his gun! I can't hold him in a bear hug indefinitely.

DOCTOR 7: What do you want me to do, shoot him?

DOCTOR 6: Oh come on, you know yourself better than that. Take it! Right, now shoot the restraint field controls. Destroy them!

DOCTOR 7: Restraint controls, restraint controls. Er (boom) Oh no, that wasn't it. (boom) Ah! (boom)

TEMPERON: Doctor, my mind is free.

DOCTOR 6: I think we did it, Doctor. Now quickly, you saw how that Knight opened his armour. Press the controls on this one.

DOCTOR 7: Sorry about this.

(Hiss, clunk. Sounds of relief.)

DOCTOR 7: They really aren't up to much without their suits, are they? Here, take the weight off your feet.

DOCTOR 6: I'd better just fuse the door mechanism. Give me that gun.

DOCTOR 7: Here.

DOCTOR 6: Thank you.

DOCTOR 7: Now for some explanations. Well, Temperon, what do you mean by beware Lyena? (Energy weapon, sizzle.)

DOCTOR 6: There, that should do it.

TEMPERON: Lyena, Elenya, Helen, Ellie. All are manifestations of the Time Sirens. All intend to trick you into serving the Sirens of Time.

(Weapons fire outside.)

DOCTOR 6: Oh no, that door won't hold for long. Whatever we're going to do, we've got to do it fast.

DOCTOR 7: Temperon, who are the Sirens of Time?

TEMPERON: A race who feed on the energies of chaos.

DOCTOR 6: Energies of chaos? What's that supposed to mean?

TEMPERON: Distortions in the flow of Time caused by the intervention of outsiders release surges of energy in the Space Time Continuum. It is this energy upon which they feed. They thrive on it. It is their life blood.

DOCTOR 6: So, everything we've done, saving Sancroff, preventing the sinking of the Lusitania, releasing you from the Kurgon Wonder.

DOCTOR 7: All that has been feeding the Sirens of Time?

TEMPERON: Yes. And what you did made the Valysshaans destructive use of space time travel possible. Another source of energy for the Sirens. But they are insatiable. Now they want more.

DOCTOR 6: Why do they need us?

TEMPERON: It is their nature. They lure others to cause destruction. They cannot cause destruction directly, but they can coerce. They used their dimensional powers to lock you out of your time machines. You were alone, without friends or a means of escape.

DOCTOR 7: But not quite alone.

LYENA [OC]: Doctors, look at the communicator screen. Can you see?

LYENA: I have your other self connected to one of our life force extraction units. If you do not surrender, I will drain the life out of him bit by bit.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Now that really isn't what I'd call friendly. Are you all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR 5: So far, Doctor, but she seems to have changed personality somewhat.

LYENA: Doctors, leave the Temperon alone. Together we will find a way to reactivate the core of the damaged Tardis.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Lyena, if I didn't know better, I'd say it sounds like you're frightened the Temperon might tell us something you didn't want us to know.

LYENA: I'm only trying to protect you from it. The Temperon is an evil, deceitful creature, responsible for the destruction of my people.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Your people? I don't think so.

LYENA: What?

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Too late, Lyena. We know what you really are.

LYENA: I am Lyena, Knight Commander in the service of the glorious Second Empire of Velyshaa.

DOCTOR 5: An empire you apparently want us to destroy.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Take off the helmet, Ellie.

LYENA: No! (cries)

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Crocodile tears.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: We know you're a Siren of Time, that you want us to change history again to release another wave of time energy to sustain your people.

DOCTOR 5: Yes, of course.

(Whoosh of transformation.)

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: That's more like it.

SIRENS: (multiple voices) We are the Sirens of Time. We know you, Doctor. We have always known you. You must do what you must do. Put history back on its correct path.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Perhaps. But if you want it so much, why not do it yourself?

SIRENS: You have no choice. It is not in your nature to allow the destruction of history, of your own people.

DOCTOR 5: You must admit they've got a point there.

DOCTOR 6: Perhaps we don't have a choice.

TEMPERON: No. If you do as they ask, then you will have no choice.

DOCTOR 7: What do you mean?

TEMPERON: You have responded to the call of the Sirens only once. You are still free.

DOCTOR 6: You mean if we respond a second time

TEMPERON: You will become their eternal slaves. Then once you have corrected the time distortion involving the Velyshaa, the Sirens will make you create distortion upon distortion, wreaking havoc throughout time and space, turning the universe into an eternal maelstrom of chaos, releasing the ultimate in energies to sustain the Sirens.

LYENA [OC]: But you still have no choice, Doctors. Remember

LYENA: I am giving you the chance to put right all the wrong you have done.

DOCTOR 5: We only did it because you lured us to your precious nexus points, and then when we arrived, each time you were there, every step of the way, in a new guise.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Urging us on.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: Subtly pushing us on in the right direction.

DOCTOR 5: Barring our return to the Tardis, forcing us to say.

LYENA: If you will not do what I ask, I will destroy your fifth incarnation. If he dies, you all die. The release of energy will be most satisfying.

DOCTOR 5: Er, now, argh!

LYENA: Now surrender, Doctors. Surrender.

DOCTOR 7: So now what do we do?

TEMPERON: There is another choice.

DOCTOR 6: What choice?

TEMPERON: Velyshaan technology is still preventing me from time-space travelling. Destroy the other machines here, then I will be free. I will travel back, destroy the Sirens at the very beginning of

Time.

DOCTOR 7: Right. Wait a minute. You're lying, Temperon.

DOCTOR 6: What? You're not suggesting the Temperon's the real villain?

DOCTOR 7: Quite the contrary. Have you always known of the Sirens, Temperon?

TEMPERON: Yes. I have always known them.

DOCTOR 7: Then why haven't you done this before? Gone back and destroyed them?

DOCTOR 6: Because you can't.

TEMPERON: No, I cannot. But I, but I contain them.

DOCTOR 7: You mean condemn yourself to eternal struggle.

(Boom, crash.)

SOLANEC: Drop that weapon or we will destroy you.

DOCTOR 6: Take another step closer, and I'll destroy this machinery and set the Temperon free. Tell them, Lyena. Tell them to back off.

DOCTOR 7: I'm right behind you.

LYENA: Very well. Sub-Commander Solanec, leave the experimentation chamber.

SOLANEC [OC]: But Knight Commander

LYENA: Do it!

SOLANEC [OC]: Yes, Knight Commander.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: And turn off the life force extraction unit.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Yes.

(She does.)

DOCTOR 5: Thank you, er, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6 [OC]: You're welcome, Doctor.

DOCTOR 7 [OC]: Don't mention it, Doctor.

DOCTOR 5: Er, now what?

LYENA: Now he surrenders. The Doctor will not let the Temperon condemn itself to eternal struggle.

DOCTOR 5: There has to be another way. Don't you see what you're doing is evil?

SIRENS: That has no meaning for us. We must exist, that is all. It is part of the nature of the universe, as is your compassion.

DOCTOR 7: She's got a point.

DOCTOR 6: Yes, she has. Well done, Lyena. Or Ellie, or whatever you choose to call yourself. You have accurately identified some of my defining traits. Compassion, and a capacity for self-sacrifice. But you've made the mistake of bringing together three distinct incarnations of the same personality. Each time I regenerate, the balance of those traits alters. I have always been pragmatic in all my lives, as I am in this regeneration, but more so.

(Boom.)

SIRENS [OC]: No!

TEMPERON: Thank you, Doctor.

(Whoosh.)

ASSASSIN: Sancroff, First Knight of Velyshaa.

SANCROFF: Guilty as charged.

ASSASSIN: Hear this decree recorded into my bio

SANCROFF: What are you trying to do, bore me to death? I've heard all the speeches I want to hear in my lifetime. I know what I did was, well, in the light of history, morally repugnant. At the time, it was an adventure. People died, didn't they? Civilisations were wiped out. We didn't mind. We thought we were right. I'm sorry now. Sorry. But sometimes sorry isn't enough, is it. Get on with it.

(Energy blast.)

SCHWIEGER: Fire torpedo!

(Explosion, panic, ship's siren, splashing.)

(A Tardis materialises. Bulkhead door opens and closes.)

RALDETH: It's a Type 70 Tardis. Registration code is distorted. Wait. Distortion's clearing. Tardis registered to Coordinator Vansell, Celestial Intervention Agency. Stand to attention.

(Tardis door opens.)

RALDETH: Commander Raldeth, Chancellory Guard at your service, Coordinator.

VANSELL: Er, yes. Thank you, Commander. I er I

RALDETH: Anything the matter, Coordinator?

VANSELL: I don't know. Is there?

RALDETH: What, here, sir?

VANSELL: Yes. Here. Is er. Nothing's happened, has it?

RALDETH: Nothing out of the ordinary, Coordinator. Everything's pretty much as usual.

VANSELL: Good. Good.

RALDETH: Are you all right, sir?

VANSELL: Hmm? Yes. Yes, I am, Commander, thank you. Sorry, er, sorry to trouble you. Goodbye.

RALDETH: But.

(Tardis door closes. Tardis dematerialises.)

RALDETH: They're a funny lot, you know, the CIA.

DOCTOR 6: Where are we?

DOCTOR 5: I don't recognise it.

DOCTOR 7: Never did find out the planet's name. The Temperon's returned us to the point of the first significant deviation from the established Velyshaan history. It's where I met Elenya.

ELENYA [OC]: Help! Help! Please, somebody, help.

DOCTOR 7: That's her. She's being sucked into the quicksand.

DOCTOR 5: You know you mustn't go to her, don't you?

ELENYA [OC]: Help!

DOCTOR 7: Yes.

DOCTOR 6: The Sirens of Time giving it one last try. Oh, you've got to admire their determination.

ELENYA [OC]: Please! (echoes and fades)

DOCTOR 5: So, the Temperon succeeded.

DOCTOR 7: But at what cost? Eternal struggle, eternal torment.

DOCTOR 6: A price it was prepared to pay.

DOCTOR 5: I wish I could be so certain.

(Ruthley cackles.)

RUTHLEY: Girl dead. Who are you?

DOCTOR 6: Who, us? Oh, my friends and I were never here, were we?

DOCTORS 5+7: No.

RUTHLEY: Pah.

(Goes off muttering.)

DOCTOR 7: Charming woman. Treacherous, unhygienic and probably very stupid.

DOCTOR 5: Yes, the universe can be an unpleasant place sometimes, can't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR 6: Do I detect a note of criticism, Doctor? Are you saying if you'd had the gun in your hand you wouldn't have done the same thing?

DOCTOR 5: I don't know. I suppose no one ever does know until they're faced with the decision and the power to make a difference.

DOCTOR 7: You know, talking to yourself is often thought to be the first sign of madness.

DOCTOR 6: (chuckles) Yes. But a little madness helps, don't you think?

DOCTOR 7: Come on. If we can find my Tardis, I'm sure I can open an interface back to our relative time streams.

DOCTOR 5: Very kind of you, Doctor.

DOCTOR 6: Much appreciated.

DOCTOR 7: Don't mention it, Doctor.

ELENYA [OC]: Help! Help! Please, somebody, help!